The Big Date

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"SWM, intelligent, attractive, seeks SUPER-TALL woman of his dreams; only those over 6' tall need apply..."

...that was how my "personals" ad began. A little over six feet tall myself, I was tired of always having to bend down to kiss a girl. I knew that I wouldn't be satisfied with a woman who was shorter than me, nor even with one of my height. No, I was determined to find a woman *taller* than myself. I had recently become obsessed with this. There was something inexplicably, mysteriously exciting to me about the idea of making love to a woman who I could (literally) look up to.

I was sitting in my chair, musing about all this, when the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hello...you don't know me...my name is Brenda. I saw your ad in the personals section." Her voice was beautiful, sensual. It flowed like honey, oozing into my ear and down to my groin, where it pooled delightfully. With her first words, I was hooked. I was ready to follow her anywhere, like a faithful puppy.

We talked for a while, about our work, our interests—the usual ice-breaking ritual—but I was anxious to arrange the date! I had to meet this sexy woman!

Eventually, she invited me to dinner at her home, and she gave me directions on how to get there.

"There's just one more thing..." she said, hesitantly. She sounded nervous.

"Yes?"

"You said in your ad...well, you *do* like tall women...don't you? I mean, *really* tall women?" I realized with surprise that I had been so overwhelmed by her charms, that I had completely forgotten to ask about her height.

"*Like* them? I'm *crazy* about them!"

"Oh, good!" she sighed in relief, "well then, I guess I'll see you tomorrow..."

"Wait a minute," I said, "just how tall *are* you?"

She chuckled provocatively.

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe me," she flirted.

"Really?" All of me sprang to attention.

"That's right....in fact, if I were you, I would seriously consider bringing a ladder to dinner tomorrow!"

We laughed together at her joke.

"I'm not kidding!" she laughed, "so, I'll see you at eight?"

"I'll be there!"

"Okay...goodbye."

"Bye."

As I drove to Brenda's house, my mind was filled with anxious thoughts: I kept getting the uncomfortable feeling that Brenda knew something that I didn't. She seemed so self-conscious about her height—why had she nervously joked that I would "need to bring a ladder"? She had almost sounded serious, as though I really *would* need a ladder to scale her height! I wondered why she had kept her actual height a secret—might she be so tall as to be unattractive?

I realized with a shock that I had no idea of what Brenda looked like! I had just assumed that her sexy voice had to be attached to an equally sexy body—how could I have been so stupid?! What if she turned out to be really gawky looking?

My doubts about Brenda only seemed to be confirmed by the fact that she lived in such a remote area. She had given me endless details on how to get to her house; it was in the middle of nowhere, miles from any town. What if she was some kind of a freak, hiding out to avoid peoples' ridicule of her appearance? Was this the woman I was about to have *dinner* with?

Then again, there was that voice—that incredible voice! Anyone with a voice like that, couldn't be *that* bad! What was I so worried about? Everything was going to be great...maybe.

I pulled up in front of Brenda's house; the place was a mansion! It hadn't occured to me that Brenda might be wealthy, but apparently she was. I got out of the car and walked to the front door, carrying a bouquet of flowers I had brought to give to Brenda. I pushed the doorbell button, and heard the faint sound of chimes ringing inside the house; then I heard footsteps. The door swung away from in front of me, opening wide.

Standing in the open doorway, and filling it completely, was a pair of legs. Giant, female legs. No head, no body was visible; only the biggest, sexiest legs I had ever seen in my entire life! I couldn't believe my eyes! They were clad in shiny stockings, stretching high atop stiletto-heeled shoes—each, enormous leg was taller than me!

"I told you you'd need a ladder!" Brenda's honeyed voice floated down to me from high above.

"Please, come in!" The giant legs stepped away from the door, allowing me to enter. I walked inside, dazed by what I had just seen.

"Well, am I tall enough for you?"

I tried to locate the source of her voice, but those oversized thighs now dominated my field of vision. I tilted my head back, gazing higher and higher: past the hem of her clingy, satin dress; over enormous hips, three feet wide; along her wasp-waist and broad torso—to bulbous breasts, the size of beachballs! Her huge, pink tits ballooned out from her torso, their billowy flesh overflowing the cups of her strapless dress. They were so big, that I couldn't see her face!

"I'm sorry," she said, "you can't see me this way, can you? How thoughtless of me! Let me do this...."

Her masses of breast-flesh began to undulate. I didn't know what she was doing—then I saw her fingers emerge from the yard-long underside of her cleavage; she was working her hands down into the tight crack between those massive breasts. She separated her enormous boobs, holding them apart so that I could see her face.

"There! Now, isn't that better?"

Her face was as beautiful as her voice; her eyes—deep, dark gems—sparkled with mischief; her lips were as full and ripe as luscious cherries; all this was surrounded with luxuriant waves of cocoa-brown hair.

"In case you haven't guessed, I'm Brenda." She reached out to shake my hand, her long arm extending towards me like a boom. Our hands met, her huge one engulfing mine.

"I-I'm Greg," I barely managed to say. I felt weak and tiny, dwarfed by this gorgeous, collosal woman; she must have been over ten feet tall! Brenda was smirking; she seemed to be enjoying the tremendous size advantage that she had over me.

"I see you brought me flowers! How nice!"

"Oh! Yes, I did!"

The flowers! In my astonishment at Brenda's size, I had dropped them on the floor! I hastily picked them up and handed them to her, noticing how pathetically small the bouquet looked in her huge hand. I was hoping that she didn't think I was cheap.

"Why, they're lovely! Thank you! I'll go put these in some water....in the meantime, you can sit down over there, in the dining room. I'll be right back!"

I watched in amazement as she walked away, her massive buttocks shifting and heaving together within the confines of her dress—she could've ground grain into flour between those powerful ass-cheeks!

I walked into the dining room, and discovered that it was enormous, with ceilings that must have been twenty feet high. In the middle of the room was a dining table that was so high, that I had to stand on my toes to see over the edge of the tabletop!

I walked to one end of the table and pulled out a chair, only to find that the seat came up to my chest!

"*Now* what am I going to do?"
I thought, panicking, "Soon, Brenda is going to come in here, and I'll look like a total nerd who can't even climb up on a chair!"

I thought that, by using the rungs connecting the chair's legs like a step-ladder, I could hoist myself up onto the seat—unfortunately, there *weren't* any rungs connecting the chair's legs! Using my arms, I struggled to get on the chair....

"What's the matter, Greg? Can't get it up?" I heard Brenda laugh behind me. I dropped to my feet and slowly turned around to face Brenda, as she continued to laugh hysterically at my predicament. I could feel my ears getting warm as I stupidly stood there, blushing.

"Yeah, right," I said, "very funny."

"Oh, please don't get mad," she said, smiling sympathetically,"I'm sorry that I had a laugh at your expense—it's just that you looked so funny!" She burst into hysterics again.

"Go on, go on! Keep right on laughing," I kidded her, a grin cracking across my face, "you're really winning me over, now! You're just digging yourself into a deeper and deeper hole, you know that, don't you! None of this is helping to get me up on that chair, either, ya' know!"

"Don't worry!" she laughed,"I'll help you get up there!"

In her excitement, Brenda grabbed me, wrapping her big hands around my waist—suddenly, I was being lifted, way up in the air! Still laughing, Brenda held me over the chair; she was about to put me down, when our eyes met.

Our gazes locked; as we stared self-consciously into each other's eyes, a last giggle burst from Brenda's lips—then she fell silent.

Her face slackened; her eyelids lowered, languidly. Her full, glistening lips parted. She craned her neck forward, slowly, her face looming larger and larger as it closed in on me.
I felt her hot breath on my face; her huge mouth yawned open, wider and wider, till I thought she was going to swallow me!

Her giant lips closed wetly over my face, covering my nose, cheeks, mouth and chin with their sensual slickness. She started sucking, so hard that the pressure made my tongue stick out. She pushed it back into my mouth using her, bigger tongue—and kept on pushing. She stuffed her fat tongue into my mouth, stretching it wide; my cheeks puffed out as she shoved it deep into my throat.

Brenda was so large, that my lips were lost in the wetness of her cavernous mouth; she was doing all the kissing. As she held me suspended in mid-air, I surrendered myself to her plump lips and tongue. Her huge bust squashed against my crotch, and the intoxicating scent of her perfume enveloped me.

She gently pulled away, releasing me with a smack, and I gasped as I came up for air. She finally sat me down in the chair, her tremendous breasts plunging to form pendulous globes as she bent over. She stooped, so that her face was once again level with mine, and brushed a stray lock of hair from her face. Her eyes were misty with desire.

"I say we skip dinner...what do you think?" she said huskily.

"Do I have a choice?"

She smiled, and stood up to her full height, flaunting her superior size.

"Of course not!" she said.

She then swooped down on me, picked me up, and tossed me onto her shoulder—I couldn't believe how strong she was! She carried me into an enormous bedroom, and sat me down on the edge of a bed that must have been at *least* 14 feet long. She started undressing me, hastily ripping off my jacket, shirt, shoes, socks—until all I was wearing were my briefs. Brenda hooked her huge hands into the waistband of my shorts, preparing to pull them down.

"Brenda, wait!" I blurted out, "Aren't you going to get undressed, too?"

"Patience, lover!" she chided, "I'll get undressed...when I'm good and ready! Right now, it's your turn..."

She yanked the shorts off my hips; she was doing things her way, and I was

powerless to stop her! The fact that she had such power over me made me feel uneasy and turned-on at the same time; I felt small and vulnerable as I lay on the bed, spread naked before her towering body. Brenda grinned as she gloated over me, her eyes opening wide to drink in and savor my helplessness.

"Now, it's my turn," she said.

She brought her hands up to her chest; she posed and smiled like a pin-up girl, pinching the top edges of her breast-cups, slowly peeling them down. She teasingly shimmied her way out of the skin-tight bodice, her vast acres of boob-flesh rippling from the movement as more and more of it was exposed. Like a bursting dam, the breast-cups suddenly gave way—her gigantic boobs burst forth, dropping heavily and slapping together. They wobbled as they came to rest against her belly.

I was awestruck—they were bigger than my head! They were even bigger than *her* head! They sloped out from her ribcage, extending longer and fuller, until they formed two, fantastically bloated balls of flesh. They were capped with puffy areolae, which alone were big enough to fill out two "C" cups. Her erect nipples thrust out arrogantly—they were as long as my thumbs, and twice as thick; I was aching to suck on them, but they hovered out of reach, high above me.

Brenda peeled off her dress; all she was wearing underneath was a garter belt, which sexily framed the biggest, juiciest pussy I had ever seen. It was two times larger than life-size; the engorged lips were longer than the length of my hand. I was worried: there was no way that my cock could even begin to fill that huge hole!

"Come stand over here, in front of me," she commanded.

I didn't need to be asked twice. I climbed eagerly to the edge of the giant bed, and leapt to the floor. I stood facing Brenda, wondering what she was going to do next.

She took hold of my cock; I felt it hardening as it disappeared from view in her huge, warm hand.

"Hmmm... not bad," she said, sizing me up, "maybe we'll find a use for this later. Come closer..." She tugged on my cock, leading me towards her like a pull-toy, until we were standing face-to-twat.

Brenda grabbed the back of my head with both hands, and shoved my entire face into her gaping pussy; it happened so fast that I was thrown off balance, and I had to grab on to her wide hips for support. I was buried up to my ears in slick pussy-flesh, her powerful thighs hugging the sides of my head. She pumped me in and out of her giant-sized cunt, fucking herself with my face—I caught my breath each time she pulled me out. She cradled my head in her hands, and pounded her pussy down over my face. She moaned, humping her massive hips down at me, faster and faster—then she froze.

Brenda tensed up; her large hands pushed at the back of my head with a strong, steady pressure, shoving my face deeper and deeper into her giant, wide-spread pussy. I felt her warm, moist pussy-flesh slide past my ears, covering them. She kept on pushing, shoving me all the way up inside of her, lifting me off the floor—my entire head was slipping in! Her giant cunt swallowed me up, closing behind my head. I hung suspended from her clenching cunt-lips, my body dangling between her towering, outstretched legs. I tried to pull myself out, but she held me captive with her powerful pussy-muscles; I tried to breathe, but could only gurgle in her juices.

Just then, as I feared that I would suffocate inside of Brenda's queen-sized cunt, I felt the tremors of her climax begin; her vaginal walls started spasming wildly around my head, squeezing the features of my face into involuntary contortions. Even through the walls of pussy-flesh, I could hear her screams of ecstasy. She came copiously, spewing thick gushes of cream all over my face and head; the honey oozed out of her hole, pouring down my neck, onto my chest.

Brenda's huge twat relaxed, spasm by spasm, as her orgasm subsided. She unclenched her cunt abruptly, spitting me out of her hole like a used-up wad of chewing gum. I fell to the floor, landing heavily on my butt. Brenda was standing astride me, moaning, as I sat gasping for air; she put her hands on her hips and threw her head back, bending slightly at the knees.

"Ahhhh!" she sighed, as she forced about a pintful of leftover cream out of her big cunt; it poured all over my already soaked head, leaving me thoroughly drenched in her cum.

"Mmmm, that was good!" she purred.

Even though my head felt like it had been through the rinse cycle of a washing machine, my cock was sticking up like a flagpole. Brenda looked down at me, nodding approvingly.

"It's a good thing you're horny, because I'm not done with you yet," she said, in a voice both alluring and threatening.

She walked over to the bed and crawled onto it, so that she was on all fours with her huge ass facing me. Her collosal thighs and buttocks loomed up from the bed. She stuck out her big butt, wiggling it high up in the air.

"C'mon...put it in me," she rasped.

Though the bed was much lower than the dining room chair, it was covered in slippery satin sheets that made it equally difficult to climb; I made several attempts to get onto it, but I kept slipping off.

"Oh, for heavens sakes!" she said with exasperation. She extended one long, long leg behind herself, lowering it off the edge of the bed.

"Here...use this," she said.

I grabbed onto her hugely voluptuous leg with all of my limbs, awkwardly climbing up its great length; her protruding pussy acted as a tempting incentive for me to reach the top.

I crawled off of her thigh, and stood up on the bed beside her towering rump— it came up to my shoulders! Brenda's huge buttocks were as big as two pumpkins; the full lips of her pussy blossomed at the base of these smooth globes. I stood behind her on the tips of my toes; in this position, I could just barely reach up to her lofty pussy with my cock. I steadied myself by putting my left arm around her tremendous ass, while I used my right hand to line up my (now *very* hard) cock with her glistening hole.

First, I pushed only the head of my cock into her hot, moist pussy—I was amazed at how tight it was! How was it that, only moments ago, this same opening had stretched wide enough to swallow me up to my neck? It seemed impossible! I pushed my cock all the way in, her warm flesh wrapping itself around my erection. The sensation was delicious, as I slowly pumped my cock inside of her.

Brenda moaned, and started slamming her giant ass back to meet my thrusts, so hard that she almost knocked me down! Her huge, soft buns shook and rippled every time that she pounded them against me. Soon she was shrieking, and bucking like a wild bronco —I had to hold on for dear life as I "rode" her! I wrapped my arms around her waist, but her ass was bucking powerfully beneath me, tossing all but my clinging arms up in the air like a puppet. She bounced me like a rubber ball, making my cock fuck faster and faster in her juicy hole.

I felt gallons of fluid welling up in my balls, until I couldn't hold back any longer—my cock erupted, gushing hot cream like molten lava into her clutching canal. Brenda cried out joyously, and I felt her huge pussy spasming around my cock, milking me dry. Completely drained, I slumped over her massive rump.

Afterwards, we relaxed together in the vast, silky expanses of her bed. We stroked each other, gently, silently, in the soft darkness of the bedroom. I broke the silence:

"Brenda...that was fantastic," I whispered, "You're the most exciting woman I've ever met."

"Mmm...flattery will get you everywhere, lover."

"You're just so...so..."

"Big?" she giggled.

"Yeah, you're so wonderfully big, Brenda! I never met anyone as big as you; I never even dreamed that a woman like you might exist...how in the world did you ever get so big?!"

"So far as I know, it was just a sort of genetic fluke; when I was born, I was slightly undersized—can you imagine! Anyway, I just grew and grew! I can remember being almost twice the height of the other kids in nursery school. My parents started worrying; they took me to see lots of doctors, but they all said the same thing: that my growth would gradually slow down, not to increase again until puberty; then, that would be that—no more growing.

"As you can guess, they were all wrong; every year, I just grew bigger and taller! By the time I was twelve, I was taller than all the teachers in school, including the boy's basketball coach—and he was six-foot-two! I was the only girl in school who got to wear grown-up clothes, because they were the only kind that would fit me. Even though my parents were rich, my mother didn't like to have clothes custom made for me, because I always outgrew them too quickly. Since nursery school, I had been growing steadily, about four inches taller every year—then puberty struck, and all hell broke lose!

"That summer, my breasts grew like crazy—every week, I had to buy a larger sized bra, and my mother had to buy me custom made clothes, whether she liked it or not; I was shooting up like a rocket, and I was outgrowing even the largest sizes of dresses sold at the 'extra tall' shops.

"When I went back to school that same year, I had to stoop to get into the doorway. People were shocked to see how big I had grown; I was seven and a half feet tall, with tits the size of melons! I felt embarrassed throughout that entire year; all of the boys *and* the girls in high-school made fun of me, except for a few who were my friends. Later, I found out that the boys were all horny for me, but were too shy to do anything but make rude remarks, while the girls were actually *jealous* about the attention I was getting from the boys—even though it was all negative attention! The fact was, they didn't have any tits at all, and I had these real whoppers on my chest. Oh, they were *furious* about it!"

"—but, Brenda," I interrupted, "I still don't understand how you got to be the size you are now...I mean, you sure look taller than seven-foot-six!"

"Well, that's because I am—but let me finish: remember those doctors who said I would stop growing after puberty? Well, like I said, they were wrong—my god, they were wrong! Not only did I keep on growing, but now, instead of growing *four* inches taller every year, I was growing *six* inches taller every year! That may not sound like much of a difference, but believe me, it is—over the years, those inches added up to a lot.

"By the time I was 'sweet sixteen', I was about nine feet tall. I had, literally, outgrown school; I had gotten too big to fit through the door of the building! Besides, my parents were too embarrassed to have their giant daughter stomping around town, so they hired a tutor for me. The poor tutor was nervous all the time, as though he was afraid that I might accidentally sit on him and squash him. I think it was also that I was making him horny, because my breasts had grown as big as watermelons, and they were always jutting out near his face. Sometimes I wonder what ever happened to that guy!

"Anyway, me and my mother moved out of the old house after my father died a few years ago; she moved out west, while I used part of my inheritance to buy this place—do you like it?"

"What's not to like? It's a palace!"

"Thank you! You can see, up there, where I had the contractors rip out the ceiling between the first and second floors, so that I could fit inside ....did I mention that I was eleven feet tall, by then?"

"No, you didn't. I think I would have remembered, if you had."

"Well, I was, so I also had them install an extra-large door in the back of the house."

"Wow...so you're eleven feet tall!"

"No, no—that was three years ago! Now I'm almost thirteen feet tall!"

"You mean...you're *still* growing?!"

"Even as we speak."

"In that case, we'd better make love again."

"Why is that?"

"Because you might be growing faster than this thing between my legs!"

Brenda leaned close to me; her lips brushed against my ear.

"I might outgrow that...but I'll never outgrow you, honey." □